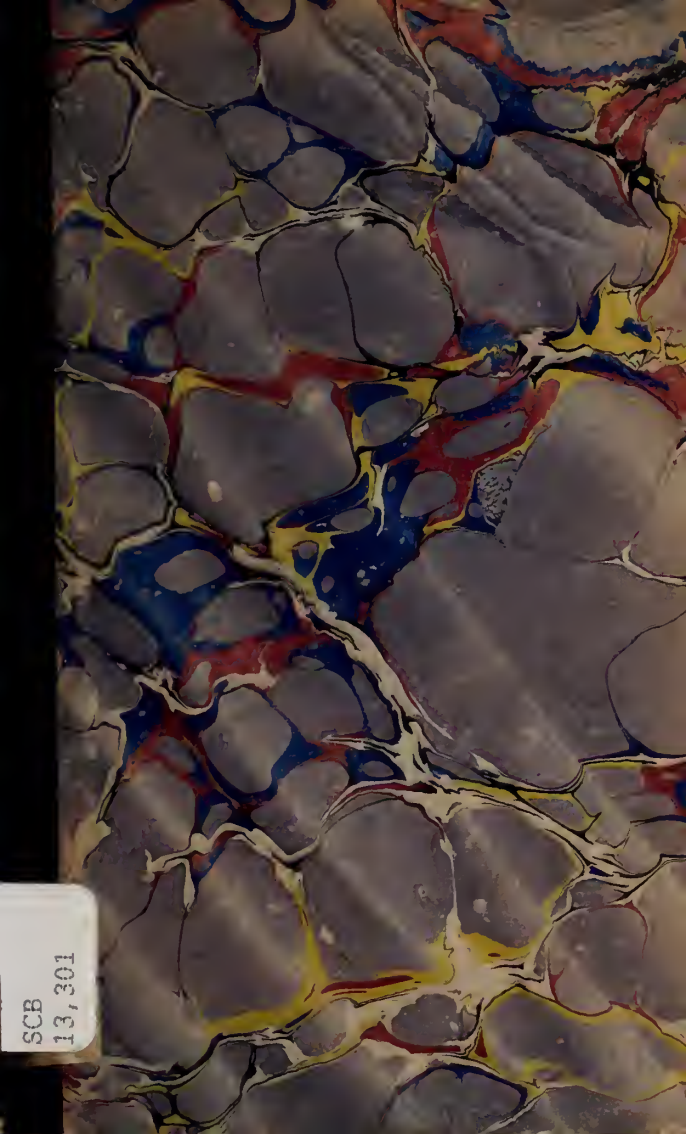
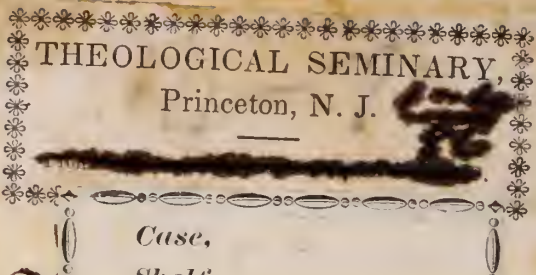


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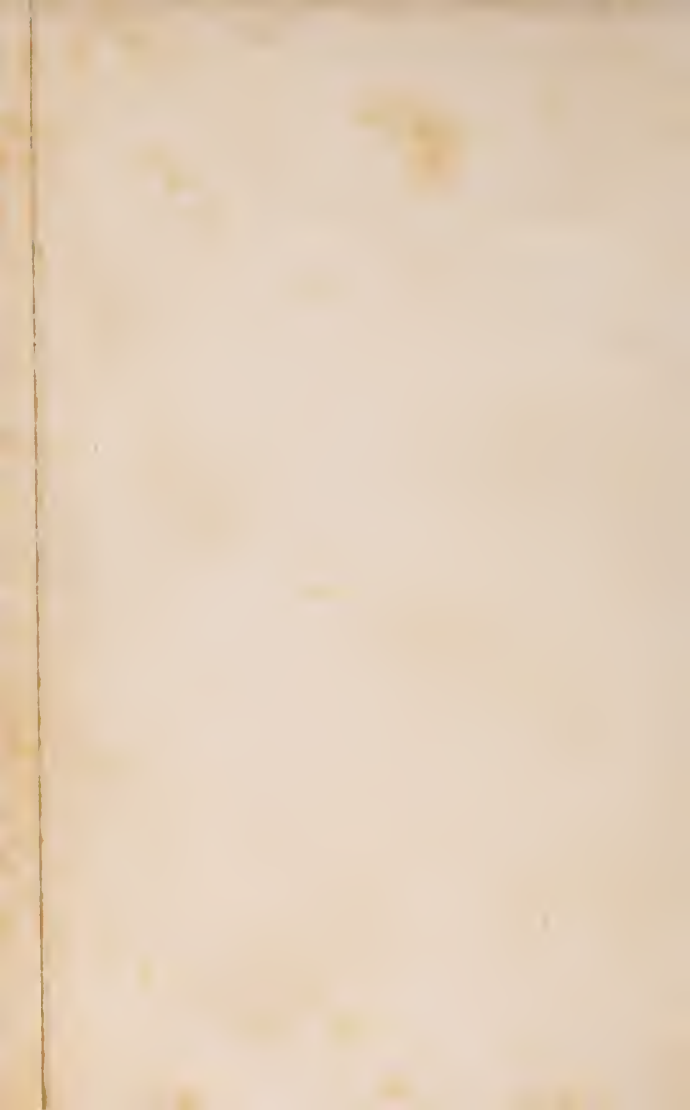
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A DRUIDICAL SACRIFICE.

✓
HEATHEN SACRIFICES,
✓
THE HINDOO GIRL,
AND
✓
LITTLE GEORGE.



PHILADELPHIA:
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HEATHEN SACRIFICES.

OVER the great sea missionaries go in ships to the great country called India. It is a long, long way off, and though the ships keep on going night and day, it takes them many months to get there. Though it is many times larger than England, almost all that great country now belongs to England. It seems a very strange thing that such a small island, so far away, should be able to take and keep so large a country as India. Many think God ordered it so, that Christians might send the gospel thither.

Most of the people in India are called Hindoos. Their skins are not black, like those of the Africans, only very dark. They do not wear many clothes. They do not like work, and most of them are thieves and liars ;

no one can believe any thing they say. It is said that they are naturally mild and gentle, but their heathen worship teaches them to be very cruel.

India is so large that English people have not been all over it yet. In the north of India there are some high and beautiful mountains. It is not hot upon them as in the scorching plains below, but cool and pleasant; and the grass and the trees grow there as green and fresh as in England. A few years ago the English found some people living there, called Hill Coolies. They were not like the Hindoos, for they were brave and strong. They would be noble people if they were to become Christians; but alas! they are cruel, cruel heathens.

As an English gentleman was travelling through their country, he saw a great many of these people in one place, and he went in among them to see what they were about.

It was a sad sight that met his eyes. There were three little girls tied by cords to three trees. One of these poor little girls was dead; a man had stabbed her with a knife, and then he had caught her warm blood in a vessel, and had run to sprinkle it upon the fields. The poor ignorant people had been taught that their gods would not be pleased unless they did this, and that their rice, wheat, and tobacco would not grow without it. While the gentleman stood looking and feeling sorrowful about the poor little girl who was dead, the man came back with his bloody knife and vessel, to take the blood of the second little girl, and then to take that of the third. But the English gentleman would not let him do so. He set the two poor little girls free, took them under his care, and sent them to Calcutta. A missionary from Berhampore, before he went on board the ship which brought him to England, in 1838, was

singing Hallelujah with these two dear little girls, and many other orphans under the kind care of Mrs. Wilson. Eighty other persons were saved from the same bloody death, but many more must have been sacrificed.

“And was this what the picture was about?” perhaps some little reader will say. Let us turn back and look. “There is a man with a knife, who seems to be a priest, but he is not dressed like the people in India—and there is a youth bound to a tree, but his face is white like that of an English boy—and there are soldiers behind, but they are not armed as our soldiers are, or any that we have ever seen. This cannot be a picture of the sacrifices in India.” No, dear children, it is a picture of what used to happen in England many hundred years ago. Those priests are Druids; the men behind are Roman soldiers; and the poor youth is going to be sacrificed to the idol gods of Britain. In

some parts of England the remains of Druidical temples are still to be seen. There is one on Dartmoor, and there is a basin cut in the rock which is supposed to have been used to receive the blood of the children who were sacrificed. If missionaries had not gone and carried the gospel to them, the same things might have been happening still; and many a happy and cherished child, who is now enjoying all the benefits of Christian education, might, like the children of India, have been offered in sacrifice to those cruel idols.

Augustine, with forty other missionaries from Rome, brought Christianity to Britain, in the year 597. But though British Christians have had the gospel more than twelve hundred and forty years, it has only been for about the last fifty, that they have begun to send it to other nations, and all that they are doing now is very, very little.

Christians in America have but just en-

tered on the work of sending the gospel to the perishing heathen.—How sad it is that we have not begun sooner, and done more to try to save the poor children of other countries from so cruel a death ! How sad that so many hundred years should have gone by, so many millions have died, without being made happy ! We cannot fetch them back ; but, oh ! let us all make haste, and try to do what we can for those who are still living. Let us send many missionaries to tell them that they need not offer any more sacrifices, since God gave his own dear Son to die once for all. Let us make known to them the love that was in the heart of Jesus, and that will soften theirs.

PART OF A LETTER FROM VIZAGAPATAM,
Dated, February, 1841.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Some time ago a lady, who is very much interested in your welfare, asked me to write something for you; and as I am just now quite alone, and as my small family of three white children, and my large family of sixty-two black children, are all asleep, I shall with great pleasure spend a little time in writing to you.

Last night, as I was talking and reading to some of my poor orphan children, I was much struck with this text in Romans xii. 1, “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” Now you do not see so much of sacrifice as these poor children do, but you will understand what is meant by it. There are thousands

of people in this country who are constantly taking sacrifices to the false gods which they worship. Sometimes they offer them to a block of wood; at other times to an ugly brass figure; and once a year all are anxious to take a sacrifice to *snakes*. But, perhaps, you will say, "Well, but they do not present their *bodies a living sacrifice*." No, *they* do not, but some do. In a letter which I received four days ago, from a gentleman about a hundred and fifty miles from here, he says, "There are at this time three hundred human beings bound ready for sacrifice, twenty-five of whom are to be sacrificed the day after to-morrow. Their blood is to be sprinkled upon the fields, that the goddess may not be angry, but may let the corn grow." It would be too shocking a tale to tell how it is done, so that I shall leave. Many of these poor people offer their children.—And now I must tell you of one poor little boy who was found

by a kind Christian gentleman, and delivered from his captivity, and sent to a missionary's house to be taught and taken care of. One day this little boy was missing, and some one was sent to look after him. He was found on the road to the place of his former captivity. On being asked where he was going, he said, "I am going back to Goom Soor." "But," it was said, "do you not think that you will be sacrificed?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I know that, and so I must be. It is right I should, for I have eaten the food which was to prepare me for sacrifice, and so how can I keep back?" However, he was taken back, and some time after he died of cholera. Now, my dear children, if this heathen boy was so willing to be sacrificed, what can I say to you who are so unwilling to give yourselves to the living and true God, not to be made captives, but free in Christ Jesus: not to be destroyed, but to be saved; not to have your

blood spilt, but to be sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, who once offered himself a sacrifice for you? When will you bring your hearts as an offering to this dear Saviour?

Your sincere friend in the East,

A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.



HINDOO ORPHAN GIRLS.



THE HINDOO GIRL SEEKING JESUS.

THE heathen worship gods without number, the work of men's hands. Many and various are their ways of worshipping, but all wicked and foolish, false and cruel.

The Jews worship one God, and read the law of Moses; but they do not believe in Jesus.

There is one other false religion. Those who are of this religion are neither Christians, nor heathens, nor Jews. And yet they copy some things from each: they are the followers of the false prophet Mahomet, or Mohammed. This man began to be known about 606 years after the birth of Christ. He pretended to be greater than Jesus Christ, and

that he could secure endless happiness for those who obeyed him. The faith of his followers was summed up in these words, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." He wrote a book called the Koran, for his followers to use as their Bible, and he pretended that the angel Gabriel brought it down to him from heaven. I cannot stay to tell you all the foolish things and wicked falsehoods of this book. The religion of Mohammed spread very widely, and reached India, and there are many Mohammedans in India now.

You, dear children, have been shown the right way. You have been taught that Jesus is the way and the truth and the life. I am going to tell you of a little girl who had no one to show her, and had to try for herself. She tried the religion of Mohammed; she tried the worship of idols; she tried the faith of Jesus; she tried all, and then she made

her choice. But you shall hear her whole history.

This little Hindoo girl was one summer's afternoon playing before the door of her father's bungalow, when she was carried off, taken to Calcutta, and sold as a slave. She was a sweet and beautiful little girl, and the lady who bought her soon began to love her very much, and she thought that she would not make her a slave. She had no children of her own, and she liked to have the little girl to play with her, and amuse her. She loved her more and more, and as she grew older, she made her her companion. When this little girl was stolen from her father, she was too young to have learned his religion. The lady who bought her was a Moham-medan, and she brought the little girl up as a Mohammedan too. Thus she lived till she was sixteen years old, and then all at once it came into her mind, she knew not how, or

why, that she was a sinner, and needed salvation. She was in great distress of mind, and went to her kind mistress for comfort; but she could not tell her of a Saviour. All the lady could do was to try to amuse her, and make her forget her trouble. She hired rope-dancers, jugglers, serpent-charmers, and tried all the sports of which the natives of India are fond, to give her pleasure: these were of no use, and the little girl remained as miserable as ever. Her mistress, deeply grieved at the distress of one whom she loved so dearly, next sent for a Mohammedan priest. The priest was quite puzzled. He had never felt the want of a Saviour, and he could not understand the girl's distress. However, he took her under his care, and did his best. He taught her a long string of prayers in Arabic, a language which she did not understand. She learned the long hard words which had no meaning to her, and she repeated them

five times a day, and each time she repeated them she turned towards Mecca, in the east, the birth-place of Mohammed, and bowed her face to the ground.

Did the poor girl find comfort in these dark words and idle ceremonies? No—she felt that there was no forgiveness, no salvation in these. When she had tried these prayers for three long years, the thought struck her, that perhaps all this sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers, and become a Mohammedan. She set out directly in search of a Brahmin or Hindoo priest, and entreated him to receive her back into the Hindoo faith. How do you think the Brahmin answered her? He cursed her in the name of his god. She told him how unhappy she was, and how long she had suffered, and begged him to pity her; but he would not listen. She offered him a large sum of money, and then he was ready to do

any thing ; so she put herself under his direction, and went again and again. He told her to take an offering of flowers and fruit, morning and evening to a certain goddess, who was some way off, and once a week to offer a kid as a bloody sacrifice.

In India the people have a language of flowers: each flower means something; and when you go into a temple, and see the flowers which have been laid on the altar, you may often tell what petitions have been offered. The flowers she brought as her offering signified a bleeding heart. Oh ! there was One who would not have refused such an offering—

“ A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring.
The God of grace will ne’er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.”

He only could have healed her broken heart; but she knew him not.

For a long, *long* time did she carry flowers and fruit morning and evening, and once a week offer a kid, and sprinkle the blood on herself and on the altar: but she found that “the blood of goats could not take away *her* sin;” and very often she cried out in her deep distress, “Oh, I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?”

At last she became ill. It was distress of mind which made her ill. Her mistress, with deep sorrow, watched her beloved companion sinking into an early grave. Poor girl! Do not you pity her? Do you not hope that the Saviour whom she needed, but whose name she had never heard, took pity on her? Well, listen, and you shall hear all.

One day as she sat alone in her room, thinking and longing and weeping, as her custom was, a beggar came to the door and asked alms. Her heart was so full that I suppose she spoke of what she wanted to all

whom she met, in hopes that some might guide her. She began talking to the beggar, and used a word which means salvation. The man started, and said, "I think I have heard that word before."—"Where? oh! where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying: I shall soon die, and oh, what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?"—The man told her the name of a charitable institution where, once a week, two thousand poor natives were supplied with rice, and before the rice was given out, some Christian teacher used to speak to them. "I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

My dear readers do you know the verse—

"Jesus the name which calms our fears,
Which bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

This poor Hindoo girl felt it to be so, and she cried, "Oh! where is he? take me to him."—The man cared nothing about this salvation himself. He thought she was mad, and he was going away; but she would not suffer him to go till he had given an answer; she dreaded lest she should miss that prize which now seemed almost within her reach. "Well," he said, "I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus," and he directed her to that part of the town where Narraput Christian lived.

Who was Narraput Christian? He was once a rich and proud Brahmin, but he had given up all his riches and honours to become an humble disciple of Jesus, and he was now an assistant missionary and preacher to his countrymen. This was the man of whom the beggar spoke.

The Hindoo girl gave the beggar a trifle, and that very evening she set out in search of Narraput Christian, the man who would

lead her to Jesus. She went from house to house, and inquired of every one she met, "where Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus, lived?" but no one would tell her. They all knew, but they were worshippers of idols, and they did not choose to tell her. It grew late and dark, and she began to be afraid of being seen out at that hour. Her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was just turning to go home, when she saw a man walking along the road: she thought she would try once more, so she asked him the same question, where Narraput Christian lived, "the man who would lead her to Jesus?" To her great joy he pointed her to the house, and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Je-

sus? Oh! take me to him; I shall die, and what shall I do, if I die without obtaining salvation?"—Narraput did not receive her as the Hindoo priest had done; he raised her kindly from the ground, and led her into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend," he said, "sit down and tell me all."—She told him her history, and as soon as she had done, she rose and said, "Now, sir, take me to Jesus. You know where he is. Oh! take me to him."—Ah! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would he have received the poor wanderer! She thought he was on earth, and that she might go to him at once; but Narraput knew that though he was not here, he was just as able to pity and welcome her from his mercy-throne in heaven; so he only said, "Let us pray." All knelt down, and as he prayed, the poor Hindoo girl felt that she had found that which she had so long wanted.

The next day, Narraput took her to a mission-house, and placed her under the care of the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gogerly. In six months she was baptized by the name of Mary, after her who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears. Her mind was at peace, her health returned, and she still lives, adorning, by her example and conversation, the gospel of God our Saviour.

Are you not very glad that poor Mary did not die without obtaining salvation? This was in consequence of missionaries having been sent to India. How many poor heathen may there not be almost in the same case as this poor girl, "seeking after God, if haply they might find him." Would that we could send them all the knowledge of a Saviour too!

Dear children, are you, like Mary, seeking Jesus? If not, think what must become of you, if *you* die without obtaining salvation.

LITTLE GEORGE.

GEORGE JAMES GORDON was a very little boy, only two years and eight months old.

He was not one of the heathen's children, and yet he was born in a heathen land. His skin was white and fair, but the little boys and girls who lived around him were dark, and spoke another language, and dwelt beneath the burning sun of India. How came this little English boy there? His father and mother had left their English home and friends to tell the heathen children of Jesus and his love, and this little boy drew his first breath in the land of strangers.

The name of the town near which his parents lived, was Vizagapatam in the East Indies. The hot sun of India soon made his parents ill. They were obliged to go back

to England for a time to get well again, and they took George with them.

Little George had a round face, and a fair skin; a high forehead, and soft light hair; and full thoughtful eyes, which almost seemed to speak.

When little George was quite a baby, every body loved him. His friends in India loved him, and the people on board the ship which brought him to England loved him. Perhaps it was for the same reason as a dear little girl about whom I have read. She was asked how it was that every body loved her, and she said, "I cannot tell, unless it is that I love every body." Whether little George loved every body, I cannot say, but he did love some people very much indeed. One was his mother. Before he could speak, he would scarcely suffer her to leave him, and if she was obliged to go, he would shed bitter tears. As soon as he could speak, he would

come and ask to be taken on her knee, and put his arms round her neck, and say, "My dear mamma, I love you so much;" and he showed that he did love her by trying to make her happy.

There was somebody else whom he loved very much. This was a dear little sister who was two years younger than himself. He was not a selfish little boy, and he showed his love by being always ready to give up his favourite place on his mother's knee to the little darling, as he used to call her. One evening when his mamma had baby on her knee, he came and asked to be taken up too. His mamma was afraid that if she did not take him up, he would think that she did not love him so well as baby, so she tried to nurse them both. Very soon baby began to cry. His mamma said, "What shall I do? baby will not be quiet." "Then put me down, and nurse little baby," he said.

George's parents thought that if he lived to grow up, he would be a clever man. They were glad of this, because they hoped that he would be able to do a great deal of good. He seemed to understand the meaning of words very well, for such a very little child. One day he was eating a bun, and he asked his mamma to have some. She said to him. "I suppose, dear, you love buns very much." "No, mamma," he said, "I cannot *love* buns: I can only *like* them."

George remembered what he heard. A friend had given him a set of Scripture prints. There was a picture about the brazen serpent among them. One evening he was standing by the fire with a small stick in his hand, and he looked as if he was thinking very much. At last he said, "Mamma, Moses did once hold a rod in his hand." "And what did he do with it?" his mamma asked. "He did point up to one snake, and told the peo-

ple, if they would look up, they should be made all better," he said. "Why were they ill?" his mamma asked again. "Because they grumbled about their food." Another day while he was playing about the room, he repeated the word Madagascar very many times. "What is Madagascar?" said his mamma. "Why one *place* called Madagascar, to be sure, mamma," he said. "And what do you know about it?" his mamma asked. "Why," said he, "one wicked woman lives there, who says naughty words and kills the people."* His mamma had not told him that there was such a place. Perhaps he had heard her and his papa talking about it when they did not think that he was listening.

But there was one thing of which he liked

* See a book published by the Board of Publication, called "Madagascar Martyrs."

to hear better than any thing besides. When he was tired of play he would come to his mamma, and ask to be taken up on her knee, and say, "Now, mamma, talk to me." "What shall I talk about?" she would ask. "About Jesus," he would always answer. Then he would put his arms round his dear mamma's neck and say, "My dear mamma, I love you *so* much," and listen so very attentively while she told him of the love of Jesus, or repeated some little hymns to him. He would at any time leave his play, if his mamma asked if she should read or talk to him. He learned to repeat hymns very quickly. He learned to sing them too, and he could sing almost a dozen tunes. He liked those hymns best which spoke of the love of Jesus. He used to repeat with such delight a verse of a hymn written by the friend who had given him the pictures—

“In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are cleansed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

After he was two years old, he wished more and more to know all about every thing that was useful and good. His temper too became more sweet and gentle. How much his dear mamma loved him, I cannot tell you. But the time came when she was no more to feel his dear little arms round her neck, or hear his sweet voice asking her to tell him about Jesus. Can you guess what I mean? Listen, and you will soon understand.

In the month of January, 1842, little George's papa and sister were taken very ill. It was with a dangerous illness called the scarlet fever. His mamma nursed them night and day, and was very sorrowful and anxious. George moved about so quietly,

and was so careful not to give her any trouble, that she loved him better than ever. His Bible was now his favourite book. He used to look at it regularly after tea till bed-time. It had many pictures in it. His eyes would sparkle with pleasure while the pictures were explained to him, and he was never satisfied till he had found out which represented Jesus. His mamma thought afterwards that the Holy Spirit was then making him ready for a better home above.

After George's sister had been ill eight days, he was taken ill just in the same way. It was scarlet fever, but it came so very gently, that his parents hoped he would soon be well again. On the day when he was first taken ill, he was lying down, and his mamma was reading to him and his sister out of a very nice book called "The Peep of Day." As she was going on, he interrupted her by asking in his own sweet way,

“Mamma, shall I be one of Jesus Christ’s little lambs?” He saw that his sister was very ill. He was very sorry for her, and he said, “She is my dear sister : I will give her some of my things.” Almost the last words he said were, “Am I your pet, mamma?” When she told him that he was indeed her dear boy, he seemed as if he did not wish for any thing more. On the third day of his illness, about one o’clock, he became very much worse. He lay for about five hours as if he did not see or hear any thing, and then he gently breathed his last breath. He was taken from his mother’s arms to the arms of that dear Saviour whom he liked so much to hear about, and of whom it is said, “He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.”

Little George was the son of a missionary : he was born in a heathen land, and if he had lived to grow up, very likely he would have

been a missionary too. Little George is gone to serve God in Heaven, instead of serving him on earth. *There*, it is said, "his servants shall serve him." My dear little reader, I hope that you will grow up to serve him *here*, but if not, are you ready to go at his call, as little George did? Are you "one of Jesus Christ's little lambs?"

IDOLATRY.

WE read that now beyond the seas,
In very distant lands,
The people worship idols still,
The work of human hands.

The children there were never told,
About the mighty God,
Who made mankind and all the earth,
And spread the skies abroad.

They never heard of Jesus Christ
And all his dying love :
They fear not hell below, nor care
For joys of heaven above.

O what a wretched state is theirs,
How sad no tongue can say !
But are you wiser, let me ask,
Or better off than they ?

What is the use of all you know
Of God's most holy word ;
Unless your heart is changed and brought
To know and love the Lord ?

If you delight in earthly things
Instead of God alone,
You worship idols just as they,
Who bow to wood and stone

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

CHRIST was crucified for you :
Was He not for heathens too ?
Has he not in lands afar,
Lambs as dear as any are ?
Oh to them his love be told—
Lead them to the Saviour's fold.

Christ was crucified for you ;
What for him can children do ?
Though they grateful feel, and seek
How to serve him, they are weak :
Few their talents, and but small,
Though they give to Jesus all.

Yet, if but the heart be right,
'Tis accepted in his sight ;
And the efforts of the great,
And the gifts of dearest weight,
Jesus will not prize above
Tokens of an infant's love.

THE END.

